

PS 2789

.S9

Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS2789 Copyright No.

Shelf S9

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





THE EMIGRANT
OF

1845.

BY



CHAS. WM. SCHUMANN.



NEW YORK,

1883.

82489

59

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY CHARLES WILLIAM SCHUMANN.

All rights reserved.

Electrotypes by Smith & McDougal, 82 Beekman St., New York.

NOTE.

I HAVE consented to the printing of this little work at the urgent request of friends, who thought the merit of the sentiments expressed would outweigh deficiencies of metre and imperfection of idiom which I have not leisure to reconstruct, and therefore the kind consideration of the reader in mitigation of adverse criticism is solicited by

THE AUTHOR.

THE EMIGRANT.



ALTHOUGH thousands live among
you,
And yet thousands may be coming,
Still their simple, singular ways
Will remain to you a secret.
If you wish to know a people,
Know if the great immigration
To this hospitable country
Be a blessing or an evil—
At their own home learn to know them,
Learn to know their ways and manners,
Learn to know them in the country
Where, by dearest, pious customs,
Are developing true hearts—
To the village follow me
On a summer's Sunday morning;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

See the trooping children playing
On the meadows, in the groves,
As if angels lent them wings
Are they hovering to and fro,
Merrily, from charm to charm ;
Every pebble, every flower,
Is a wonder yet to them ;
Yet the purest innocence
Fills their little hearts with love,
Yet they live in paradise.
Nature seems to them transformed,
Light and colors brighter seem,
Sweeter seems the atmosphere,
With so little are they pleased.
Youth is ev'n barefoot, happy,
Wants not more than sun and air,
Frugal meals and play-grounds fair ;
Rich and poor, in their delight,
In their happiness are equal—
Each and all do laugh alike.
Gloomy thoughts of grief and care,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

With their dismal haggard face,
May yet wait outside the gate.
By the rays of happiness
Are the gloomy thoughts dispersed ;
Dead and deafened, grief and care,
By the chants of merriment.

Suddenly the church-bell rings,
Through their mirth its solemn sound ;
Hear ! it calls to them a duty,
The *first* duty of their life,
Be it painful, be it pleasant,
Duty never comes alone,
Silent with it enters “ care.”

Simultaneously they all
Fold their hands, and do not move,
Do not stir, cast down their eyes—
Shouts of joy and play are stopped—
For it tells them that the pastor
In the church says the Lord’s Prayer.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Touching is the innocence
When the babe, in willow wagon,
Also folds its little hands.
By the last stroke of the bell,
Broken is the holy spell ;
With the “*amen*” are they free—
Re-assumed is play and glee.

In the air is warbling sweetly,
O'er the meadow, the skylark,
Higher, higher—sweeter, sweeter,
In the blue he disappears,
Joining more of unseen singers,
Still their joyous song is heard ;
Winged and kindred to the angels,
From them, messengers to us,
Bringing happiness and bliss.

Raptured, list'ning here below,
Is the child with throbbing heart
Waiting till he re-appears ;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Lo ! from there the song is ringing,
Now appears a wavering dot,
Nearer, nearer in his glory,
In his jubilee exulting,
“ Peace on earth, good-will to man.”

In their childlike way, they ask then
How the loved ones are above ;
If the Lord is pleased with us ;
If they’ve given cause for scolding,
With his mighty voice in thunder ;
And their little hearts are leaping,
While the bird continues singing—
“ Yes, the Lord is pleased with us.”

Others rise, while some descending,
Warbling forth their songs of glory
Through the valleys, groves and fields,
Cheering people young and old,
Filling hearts with song and music ;
But their simple *festivals*

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Oft are misconstrued by strangers,
Unacquainted with their nature,
When this people after service
On a Sunday are enjoying,
Either needed recreation
From the weekdays' toil and trouble,
Or to seek the fields together,
There to worship God in Nature,
In His bounties' boundlessness—
In His house for all religion.
All feel there a true devotion,
Where a single storm might frustrate
All their hope and all their labor.
There, the father tells his children,
“Here in Nature God is near ;
See His hand, all here He giveth ;
Let us thank, and ask protection
Here—as you have learned this morning
From His minister, our pastor—
Here we see our Heavenly Father ;
We, on earth, are *all* His children :

T H E E M I G R A N T .

So, as you love brothers, sisters,
We must love *all* in creation.

Follow to the public gardens,
Where, in harmony assembled,
We shall meet their loving pastor,
Teachers, parents, children, servants,
Joined in harmless recreation—
All inspires to good behavior.
From this trait the ancient Romans
Called them “*Germans*,” that is “*Brothers*”—
Brothers sharing joy and sorrow.

Of their holy, true revivals,
Easter, Pentecost, and May-day,
Birthday festivals of parents,
Also those unmentioned others,
Let me picture one, the sweetest—
Merry, merry Christmas-time ;
When each one appears to have
Some sweet secret of his own.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Whispering, tittering are they all ;
Drawers are locked, and things secreted,
Sweet suspicion everywhere.
Young and old try to appear
Grave and serious ; but their smiles,
Scarce suppressed, betray their heart.
Christmas-eve has come at last !
All the presents, with the tree,
In the largest room are placed,
Secretly, in private care,
With a maiden taking part
As a messenger from heaven,
Dressed in glistening angels' robe,
Silvered wings and gilded crown—
Laces white conceal her face.

Prettily is all arranged,
And the last of candles lit ;
All in light is glorified—
All suffused with happiness.
List ! she'll ring the signal bell—

THE EMIGRANT.

Hark ! it rings so clear, celestial
To the listeners' throbbing hearts !
And with joyous exclamations
For the blessed gate they start,
Find the door now wide thrown open ;
Children, parents, servants enter.
Then the angel asks the children,
In the sweetest voice of heaven,
If the Lord's Prayer they can say,
If they know their lessons well—
Which they answer, by reciting—
If they 've been good all the year,
After which, affirmed by parents
With the promise to improve,
Then all eyes are on the angel,
With expectant, throbbing hearts,
List to music from her lips :
“ Kindness, love, and pure affection
Are the truest gifts of heaven,
So take this with best regards of....”
Here the names of donors follow.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Thus his presents each receives
By the fair hand of the angel ;
Every one will be surprised,
Not the least will be forgotten.
And while children thanks are kissing,
Others grateful shaking hands,
While amidst the joy and glory
Dazzled by the lit-up tree—
By the presents breathing “ love ”—
Has the angel disappeared.
Lo ! a heaven of pure delight
And a world of happiness
Fills the sanctum of the peasant.
By the children’s beaming faces,
By their cheering, by their joy,
Old hearts will feel young again
And recall the by-gone days
Of their own dear, happy childhood.
Then a tear of joy and sorrow
Trickles down the wrinkled cheeks
To the memory of their dearest,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Own-loved parents, since departed.
From the heart, full of emotion,
Issues then a silent prayer :

“Thanks, O Lord, for all thy blessings !
Look down on these guileless children,
And protect them all through life ;
Help them bear severe affliction,
Guide them in the path of right ;
So that when Thou mayest call us,
And remove our light from earth,
They, themselves, bright lights may be
Of Thy holy Christmas-tree !”

Such revivals—true revivals,
Holy magnanimity,
Filling souls with true devotion—
Strengthen for the daily strife.
This, the gold-Divine of Nature,
Gives the *value* to our life !

T H E E M I G R A N T .

In week days, from morn till night,
Peasants do their daily work ;
Tilling, sowing, planting trees ;
Women bleaching home-spun linen,
All enjoying bliss of peace ;
And while going homeward evenings,
Calls to prayer, the evening bell—
“ Vespers ” from the village church,
Every one, whate’er his creed—
Wheresoever he may be
In the field—puts down the hoe ;
On the road is fain to stop ;
In the inn will cease to talk,
Every man takes off his hat,
All in silence say their prayers ;
Thank the Lord for mercies given,
Ask Him further to protect them.

Soon the children must retire,
While the young folks of the village
In the glee-club practice singing,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Till the bell calls “ten o’clock,”
Then the last ones all retire.
Blessed, holy village life !
Cultivating love for home,
Thy sublime contentedness
Brightens gloomy, sad mishaps,
Giving charms to humble living,
To the humble, lowly cottage.

Peaceful lies the rustic village
In the background of the valley,
By a rolling land surrounded ;
Hills and dales in sweet succession.
Through the meadows green is winding,
Glistening in silver sheen,
Clear and swift the crystal brook,
Coming purling from the mill.

Thus the peasant’s life flows onward ;
As from paddles’ edges dripping,
Short-lived drops of disturbed water—

T H E E M I G R A N T.

So from brows, in agitation,
Pearls of tears of troubled minds,
Tears of sorrow, tears of joy ;
Both are from a deep affection,
Of a good and loving nature ;
Both alike speed to the ocean,
To the grave Eternity,
After having turned the wheel,
Ground the golden grain of life.

Somber pines of the black forest
Cover miles of distant mountains ;
Nearer, opposite the village,
Bold and high toward the sky,
Picturesque projects a rock,
Crowned by ruins of a castle,
Older, older than tradition,
All its history is extinct.
Through the hollow, glassless windows
Whisper zephyrs, telling legends
Of good fairies reigning there.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

But when night, the mask to evil,
Casts its shadow o'er its ruins,
All good angels then retire ;
Leave the desolate to phantoms,
To the “oo-hoo” of the owls,
Mingling with the storms in howls.
Then the night-watch calls the hour
For the good to stay at home—
Calls to pray, and watch the fire—
And “O Lord, protect the village
From all harm this dreary night !”
Is his prayer, with an “Amen.”

Every morn is a new era,
Wonders may a day bring forth ;
So among this quiet people
One blest day, alike wild fire,
O'er the mountains, through the valleys
Spread the news from bold explorers
Of a distant, wond'rous sphere,
Painting that new Promised Land

T H E E M I G R A N T.

With the colors of the heavens.
“*Freedom*,” “*Happiness*,” “*Abundance*,”
Come, come to that prosperous land.
Hear! the great and noble founders
Of its unique institutions
Have proclaimed unto the world :
“ Equal born, with equal rights,
Are all men by Divine nature ;
An asylum to the oppress’d,
Free in speech and free in faith
Be this land now and forever ! ”

Come, come to this prosperous land ;
Onward ! venture to be free ;
Young and old, of enterprise,
Leave your home, all dear to you.

Scared and trembling were the mothers,
For their loved ones, for their home.
As a secret voice in nature
Tells a mother if there’s danger,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

So it said to them : Thy children,
If once gone, are gone forever !

But repeated was the calling :
“ Room for science, art, and labor,
For mechanics of all trades,
For select and for the million ;
Come ! the doors are wide thrown open,
And invited are you, too,
By the people, by the nation ;
Land is plenty, free for you,
Come ! take it, for cultivation.”

“ *Freedom*,” “ *Happiness*,” “ *Abundance*,”
Kindled every mind to frenzy,
And disturbed are peace and rest.

THE FAREWELL.

TROUBLED and in agitation,
At the gloomy hour of midnight,
Is the village, once so tranquil.
Throngs of men are congregating
In the road, before the dwellings,
Of some departing emigrants,
Most heartrending is the parting,
In the house of two old parents,
As their sons, their stay and hope,
Will leave them for America.
A young man of but twenty years
Addresses thus his dearest friends :
“To-night we are to separate ;
I thank you all, my schoolmates dear,
For this, the last, your farewell call ;
Your cheering words encourage me.
Pray stay with me this mournful night,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Nor leave me in this hour of pain—
You see my parents in distress ;
Be kind to them when I am gone.
See dear mother in her sorrow
Extends her pleading hands to me ;
She beckons me to come to her.
Dearest friends and all here present,
I wish to spare your sight the pain
Of seeing mother's farewell tears ;
So to the other room withdraw,
That she and I may be alone.”
Reverently they all retire.
Trembling he approached his mother
And implored her farewell blessing.
The mother took and pressed his hands ;
Entreatingly she said to him
With faint and soft and faltering voice :
“ Once more, my dearest, only child,
If you have ever loved your mother—
Once more, I pray you, stay with us—
I've cared for you since you were born.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

When you were sick for weeks and months
I watched o'er you by day and night.
In storm or cold, sunshine or rain,
Did father go for many miles
To bring some medicine for you.
And now as father, dear, and I
Are growing feeble, weak and old,
Can you, O can you leave us thus ?
Ever from your earliest days
Our thoughts, our love, our lives were yours ;
Your comfort was our only care.
Now I, your mother on my knees,
A thousand times do beg of you,
By all that's sacred dear to you,
O do not break your mother's heart !
Look at these hands to you upraised ;
They worked for you, and I promise
They shall in future toil for you
As long as I can move a limb.
Remember, too, your country dear—
The dearest place on earth is here.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Your friends and all are true to you—
The hills, the fields, the pleasant groves,
The valleys, with the crystal brooks,
Your pets, the birds—O how they sung
So sweet to you when you were young!—
Have you forgotten all these charms?
Why, then, are you not satisfied
With house and hearthstone of our own?
Why should you leave? and for a place
So little known, so far remote—
As yet almost a myth to us.
If reas'ning can not turn your mind,
Then to your heart I make my prayers.
When have I sinned against your heart,
Unless it was this morning, first,
May heaven forgive the fearful thought.
When they brought in your traveling trunk.
I thought, my God, 'tis his coffin!
O that it were—then, by God's grace,
My prayers I could say at his grave!

* * * * *

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Forgive this great and only sin,
For in my dreams you shipwrecked were,
Crying for help, to my despair.
I saw you perish in the sea—
Spare me the thought of such a sight ;
Have mercy !—mercy !—spare my life !”

THE REPLY.

MOTHER, MOTHER ! hear me, mother !
If you had known my silent struggle,
Your love for me would have forbidden
To add more pain to that I suffer.
Believe, had I foreseen this hour,
I would have made the sacrifice,
Avoiding all before too late.
To save your life, and father’s too,
I’d gladly offer up my own.
But rather will I suffer pain,
Yea, rather perish in the sea,

THE EMIGRANT.

Than e'er disgrace my parents' name.
Some months ago my friend and I,—
We vowed by our word and honor,
And joined our hands to seal the bond,—
That, whatsoever we might face,
Neither should ask to be released
From going to America.
More friends have joined us since that time,
And families who've lost their means,
With no hope of regaining them.
They've raised their sons with love and care,
But when they need the help of them
The king demands them for the army.
He takes the best part of their life—
The time for *useful occupation*—
All he takes but girls and cripples,
And crippled then, in mind or body,
If spared at all, they are returned.
You cannot spare your only son !
'Tis mine to comfort you, my parents,
'Tis not for you to toil for me ;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

I'd sooner go to the world's end,
To find a place from slavery free,
Where liberal views are entertained,
Where they teach not to hate a neighbor,
Whose home, by chance of birth, is made
The right or left shore of the Rhine.
Henceforth my country be God's world !
Humanity, my patriotism !
As I'm in honor bound to go,
I pray you now, my dearest mother,
Relieve my heart, that I may go
With your consent.—She faints. Help ! help !
Dear friends of mother—pray, come in !—
Find me, if wanted, in the garden.

THE SOLILOQUY.

In the garden, past midnight. The father's consent and farewell.

HERE I am,—on sacred ground,
This place has been a place of joy,
When, as a child, around dear father
I played, while he did nurse the plants.
Must I then part from all that's dear?

Weep, weep, ye flowers ! all nature weep !
A blossom sweet is falling off,
A happiness will be destroyed.

O solemn night. cast thy dark veil
O'er what is holiest in life ;
Shut out the world's profanity.

Weep, weep, ye flowers ! all nature weep !
Weep, weep with me, we are alone.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

I must, I will proclaim it, then :
Before the sun shall rise again,
Before the flowers shall greet the day,
Before the birds shall thrill the air
With their sweet songs, reviving nature,
I'll be away ! I'll be away !
The memory of this sacred place,
And the sweet hope held out to me,
That I may yet return again,
Will take me through the storms of life ;
But when, O, when that time will be,
No one on earth can tell to me !

Farewell, ye loved and sweetest flowers !
Farewell, ye dearest, sleeping birds !
Farewell, ye meadows, woods, and fields !
When with his love the sun shall kiss
The dew from off the meadow's plane,
And all in Nature then will join
In morning's prayer, solemn, divine,
If far or near, where'er I be,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

My heart, my thoughts will still be here ;
My duty to the world and man—
Whate'er I do—rule, serve, or roam,—
Shall be to honor this my home !

Hark ! I hear a painful sobbing.
Is it the sympathizing tear
I've asked of Nature, in my prayer,
Or some poor heart in deep distress,
Which seeks relief and peace of mind
Here in the night's solemnity ?
Who is there, at this hour of night ?

Sad and earnest came the answer :
“ The Lord be praised ! Is that your voice,
My son, my child ? Come to my arms ! ”

With breast to breast, they could not speak ;
But when the tears began to flow,
And the son asked for forgiveness,
The father's voice the silence broke :

T H E E M I G R A N T.

“ Of God forgiveness ask, my child ;
Not longer could I, in the house,
Thy mother’s bleeding heart behold.
A secret power has led me here
To, once, our place of happiness.
When your dear voice just reached my ear,
I thought of by-gone days of bliss,
When you, a child, in innocence,
Asked nature’s “ pardon,” plucking flowers.
You would not harm the lowest life,
But stopped me, sawing off a branch,
For fear that it might pain the tree.
You thanked bushes for the berries,
Named fragrant roses “ angels’ breath,”
And childlike kissed them in your joy ;
Called birds by sweetest names of love,
And asked your pets, how they did sleep,
If they were not afraid at night—
Invited them to your own room,
Where angels sweet would guard their life.
Your father, I, stood in a trance ;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

I thanked the Lord, that I, a man,
Was called to share this paradise.
I trembled, lest a day might come—
As trials are the fate of man—
When clouds would overcast the sky,
And days so bright change into gloom.

Look there, look at that very tree,
Planted some years ago by you ;
You were so happy when it lived
And every day it stronger grew.
Now on its red-white covered crown
Sweet blossoms smile to you reward,
With hope of fruit for all your care.
Your prayers are offered to our Lord,
That not a storm may thwart your hope.
But here am I, my dearest son,
My hope, my joy, my only child,
For all my love, for all my care,
My tree for me no fruit shall bear.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ Must it be, then, for me, dear father,
With aching heart, and desolate,
To speak the words of consolation ?
I did not know how very happy
I was in those my earlier days ;
I feel that those sweet recollections
Will be a guide throughout my life.
Trials may fright, like ghosts in shrouds,
Fortune may seem our path to shun ;
We know that from behind the clouds
Another day will bring the sun.

That tree may yet bear witness, father,
That it shall never shame your son ;
Your love shall be repaid by fruit,
The wealthy may seem poor to you.
A gift I'll bring when I return—
No diamonds, pearls, no precious stones,
But more, still more—a parent's pride,
That you and mother love and cherish :

T H E E M I G R A N T .

The same true heart ! Nor this alone,
But the first coin *myself* shall earn ! ”

“ Thanks, thanks, my son,” the father said ;
“ Obedience and reverence
To our Lord I’ve ever taught.
When Abraham was asked to give
His only son unto the Lord,
He murmured not, nor must I now
Forget in my affliction, that
I have rejoiced in years of bliss ;
And though you are my only child,
I will relinquish all my claim—
God’s Will be done, praised be his name ! ”

“ My dearest father,” said the son,
My soul finds peace in your consent.
Now, as the last and dearest boon,
This one thing more I beg of you :
Add to your love—your love for me—
To heal dear mother’s bleeding heart ;

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Console yourselves, when I am gone
With hope of happy days to come.
That promise shall relieve my mind
And give me strength in my new sphere.
I long life's battle to begin,
And shrink not from its toil and strife ;
'Tis only *hardships*, *gains* by stress,
That give the *Value* to success,
Valued only with your blessing."

" Dear son, my blessing goes with you ;
It is your own true and pure heart,
My comfort it will be to know
That from the *right* you'll ne'er depart.
For what you beg for mother's sake
I need not promise, dearest son ;
Your wishes are my very own."

Embracing once, and still once more,
A fervent, tender "*God bless you !*"

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Both breathéd from their soul's deep love,
Then shouts and singing startled them.

With fond emotion said the son :
“ Dear father, listen ! Up the lane,
Here come my fellow emigrants.
O father dear, be firm, I pray ;
They come to take your son away.”

The people throng before the house,
And sing the well-known parting song :

“ God be with you, ye parting friends ;
He'll lead you safe where'er you go.
From north to south,
From east to west,
Around the world, to every port,
He'll take you safe. Trust in the Lord !

“ The world it is our fatherland ;
All people are our countrymen.

T H E E M I G R A N T.

From north to south,
From east to west,
Around the globe, say, is it not
The same soil, by the will of God ?

“ The German’s home is everywhere—
It may be here or may be there.
No north, no south,
No east, no west,
All o’er the world, the sky its dome,
The German song makes it his home.

“ America we do adore,
And love her people evermore.
The north, the south,
The east, the west,
Her liberty, who loves it not ?
That treasure, by the grace of God.

“ We only ask, think of us too ;
While you love those who’re kind to you,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Love north, love south,
Love east, love west,
Love all the world—say, are we not
All brothers in the love of God?

“And should it be our destiny,
By God’s decree to meet no more,
Then, friends, farewell—
Farewell on earth !
Hope, Faith, and Trust be our refrain ;
In heaven above we’ll meet again.”

To these last strains the parting friend
With resignation then replied :
“ Welcome ! welcome, my dearest friends !
Accept my last, most heartfelt thanks
For all attention e’er received.
I take *this* not all to myself,
As there are more of pioneers
To yonder land so grand and free,
So full of generosity,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

The noble gift of *Liberty* :
When first I heard *that* name pronounced,
My heart did leap with love and joy ;
That love is born with every man,
For *equal* rights and liberty.
Such gifts are worth the highest price !
To-night I pay, God knows, a life—
I have forsaken *all* I love ;
Poor am I as the poorest here,
Yet in my poverty I'm rich :
A free man, from this very hour,
And to the richest I can give.
Then treasure up these parting words ;
Remember, should th' occasion come,
That freedom is but for the brave !
Think of your mothers in that hour,
Let them not mothers be of slaves.
Farewell, farewell ! *friends, all, farewell ! ”*

A quick survey, if all was ready,
And the team in good condition,

THE EMIGRANT.

For a journey of some days.
Then to his nearest friend he turned :
“ Please keep now the horses ready.
God be with me—the last embrace
Of my dear, heartbroken mother !
A moment more, and I’ll return.”

Still as the night drooped every heart,
When from the house friends led him forth.
Thus will the “ pallbearers ” lead us,
When from this world we shall depart.

THE VOYAGE.

WITH the weighing of the anchor,
With the “ *click* ” “ *click* ” of the windlass,
Tolling the departing knell,
Is the last grasp on the land—
Is the last tie torn in twain ;
All their golden dreams of youth,

T H E E M I G R A N T

All their dear associations !
The land, its mountain peaks, and all
Slow sink behind the watery vast.
They turn their faee—the deed is done !
They 've given up their home for aye ;
All that is left—a deep, deep sigh—
A holy tear yet in their eye !

Those who *never* lost a brother,
A sister, or a treasured friend,
A parent, child, or dearest love—
Who never knew a cheerless home,
An empty breast, bereft of all—
Can never sympathize with these,
Nor know the pain, the pang of heart.

The sea is smooth—a very mirror—
Its treachery lies deep below.
Take heed now that the ship in trim,
May meet, prepared, the hidden future,
As calm is followed by the gale.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Howl, howl, ye storms ! hiss thro' the ropes
Your music, suited to despair ;
Ye mighty waves, but waste your strength :
They are protected by a charm—
The “talisman” of self-reliance,
The strength that's gained from vanquished
trials.

Yes, yes, their faith deceived them not,
A ray of light breaks through the clouds ;
They hear a voice, as if from heaven—
“*Land in sight !*” called from aloft.
It thrills along, from prow to stern,
It vibrates on the strongest nerves,
Reviving, bracing up faint hearts,
With new hope, for a future bright.
O blessed words ! O blessed news !
It means “Beginning a new life,”
There are in language few, few words
That fill the soul with like delight.
Come ! haste on deck to see the *birth*

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Of a new land from out the sea.
Lo, on the far horizon, there !
Look ! there the black, blue-tinted streak,
'Tis growing—growing to a hill !
Another one, and yet another,
Their bases steadily approach ;
They join, and now we see a valley.
Out of the ocean all comes forth,
As if with mighty power, great Neptune,
A continent held in his hand,
He raising it out of the sea,
He lifting it up to the *clouds*—
An offering to his heavenly *sisters*.

O blessed sight ! O hope and fear !
O trembling hearts, as to their fate !
O timid feelings of the stranger !
Where may he find a rest to-night ?
Where may he lay his weary head ?
He comes with good and pure intent ;
Suspicion still will rest on him.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

As helpless as a new-born child,
Is he to make his wishes known ;
His only language is “good-will,”
He offers service with his prayer : ·

O people of this blessed land !
May you always know the feelings
Of pilgrims to a foreign land,
And with a goodly heart may have
Preserved in your prosperity
The love of God a helping hand.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

THE RETURN ;

OR, HOME VISITED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Once a score of years ago,
He pondered in his great distress :
The memory of this sacred place.
And the sweet hope held out to me,
That I may yet return again,
Will take me through the storms of life !
But when, O, when that time will be,
No one on earth can tell to me.

TO-DAY that longed-for time has come !
The last turn of the road is passed,
Ascended now is the last hill ;
There, on his staff, he forward leans,
With agitated, trembling soul—
Full of anguish, full of longing,
Full of hope, fear, and misgivings,
Full of joy, alloyed with sorrow—
The wand'rer near arrived at home !

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Breathless he stops, for now he sees,
Between the intervening trees,
The village tranquil in the valley.
He sees the tall spires of the churches,
Tow'ring above the leaf-crowned boughs ;
He knows them well,—and still he looks—
He looks as if from mast on high
A sailor “*Land in sight !*” did cry.

What does he see, or seem to see,
'Neath yonder orchard's cherry-trees ?
Is it a vision, dream, or truth ?
'Tis mother and himself—a child—
How fond, benign, she looks at him !
“ O tarry, tarry, sweetest dream ! ”
He calls ; awakes—all disappears.

Memory, thou swiftest trav'ler,
On wings of thought, thro' space and time,
Thou omnipresent, godlike power !
Bring from these our dear departed,

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Resting scattered o'er the world ;
Bring from distant, foreign lands,
Over continents and oceans,
To our home, their last devotion ;
Bring their last thought to the cottage,
Take their greetings to the valleys,
To the mountains, fields, and woods.
Take their love to every flower,
Every blossom, to each heart,
And from me, too, long an exile,
From all these who remain abroad.
My home, my dearest, sweetest home,
Be greeted thousand, thousand times ;
A thousand times my love to you !

Strange feelings, indescribable,
Move mysteriously his heart ;
As if spirits he had summoned,
Answer voices, down the valley,
From the woods, with outstretched arms,
By yet sweeter, softer echoes :

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ Be greeted thousand, thousand times ;
A thousand times my love to you ! ”

Sweet kisses by his native air
Send new life rushing through the veins,
As if by fairies’ wand he is
Transported to new spheres and realms ;
Once more, within the magic gate,
A child again, in paradise,
He feels himself raised from the ground,
And hurried onward toward home !

He meets some peasants, greeting him,
As is the custom of the land ;
He gives them back the compliment,
In tones betraying his emotion.
Their hearts respond in sympathy ;
They look, but recognize him not,
And leave him with “ Adieu, dear sir ! ”

With mingled feelings of surprise,
He asks himself, with heavy heart :

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Has all been but a flash of bliss,
A mocking cheat of vain illusion,
Unattained, recoiled within me,
Should be the hope of a whole life ?
Disappointment should await me,
Yet more—forgotten I should be ?
O yes ! I see I am a stranger,
A stranger in my own dear home,
And yet, it looks so sweet to me !
Yes, sweeter thousand, thousand fold
Than e'er before it seemed to be.

Soft breezes rustle through the leaves,
And wave the wheat-field like a sea,
Waft sweetness from the clover-fields ;
A flowered carpet are the meadows.
The poplar bows so gracefully,
As if all nature had combined,
To call an error to his mind.
And nearer still, hark ! one—two—three,
List, list ! it is the village clock.

THE EMIGRANT.

The solemn bell strikes "*three*" again,
But not the mournful "*three*," at morn
Of that most memorable night ;
But "*three*," on this mild afternoon,
When now two parts of his passed life
He stands to see in full day-light.
And here a doubt rose in his mind—
Had he done well in leaving home ?
Then a score of long, long years
In a moment pass before him,
And he weighs those years of trial,
With the happiness comparing,
Which *he* might have enjoyed at home.
Struggling yet with indecision,
Balancing the gains and losses,
Hark ! a voice, with timid sweetness,
As if softened by the distance,
Whispers, " Remember dear Papa,
Us,—and your loved America !"
With a smile of peace and glory,
Kissing that celestial call,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

He advanced, when near the gardens ;
Suddenly there a sky-lark rose,
With the strain he heard in childhood.
Stopped is he now, as by a charm,
And tears are bursting from his eyes ;
Praying, says he : Child of heaven !
'Tis thou—'tis thou, my dearest love,
That knows me first, first to my heart.
Rise, *angel*, rise ! tell them above,
That I, the wand'rer, have returned.
Yes, here I am ; I've seen the world—
From north to south, from east to west—
I've seen its heights ; I've seen its depths,
Its grandeur and its lowliness
Its virtues and its vices, all,
Its riches and its poverty ;
I've lived in want and in abundance,
In happiness and in distress !

Yes, here I am, as in a dream !
Sweet visions of long by-gone days

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Fill all my soul with happiness.
Thy song has called to memory
The golden hours of childhood days.
Rise, angel, rise ! tell them above,
I call where once my cradle stood,
In pious reverence, still my home.
But while I love this place so dearly,
With all the blessings of this day,
I feel my heart is fettered yonder.
Where my dear wife and children live ;
That country there, beyond the sea,
Has won my heart, my love, my life !
For it received me, like a mother,
Has given me a second home,
The self-same rights with its own children ;
And while I love it e'er so dearly,
Embracing it with all my heart,
It will forgive if I, this day,
Will kiss my *mother-country* clay.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

He, at last, has reached the village ;
At the wayside, the first house,
Is the old inn, “ The White Rose.”
It looks the same as years ago ;
But young men, whom he does not know,
Are busy in the barns and yard.
So familiar are their faces,
That he feels moved to call the names
Of some old schoolmates dear to him.
He stops ; and, entering the inn,
He sees the hostess of the house,
And with a stifled cry of joy—
Deferring yet the recognition—
He greets her in a friendly way,
Engaging her in conversation.
Inquiring, first, for Henry dear,
She asks, “ What Henry do you mean ? ”
He then replies, “ I know but one ;
’Tis Henry Wern, son of this house.”
She looks at him as at a ghost—
“ You mean my dear departed husband !

THE EMIGRANT.

For many years he's dead and buried ;
I, his widow—those, his children.”

Inquiries followed rapidly
For numerous friends, almost forgotten.
O, many dear ones were no more !
A much loved schoolmate lost his life
Under brave Scott, in Mexico.
Some fell at home in '48,
Fighting for liberty in vain ;
And some died in America,
On battlefields, to free the slaves.
She tells of those, abroad, at home—
Tells him of early emigrants—
Of two old parents, loved by all ;
How they did leave their lovely home,
To follow, grieved, their only son.
“God granted them to meet once more,
And then took them unto himself.
From him, the son, we've heard no more ;
He left for parts unknown to us.”

T H E E M I G R A N T.

And so the hostess, unaware,
Went on relating to her guest
The story of *his own* past life.

“A rumor, vague and indistinct,
Has reached our home. ’Tis given out
That he will have to come once more.
For at his mother’s dying-bed,
In that far land beyond the sea,
With obligations he was charged,
Holy, ever-binding on him.
From those monitors of duty
He will never release himself
Otherwise than by complying.

Wand’rer, thou may’st have endured
Sorrows manifold, unnumbered,
Braved wild storms, enjoyed sweet pleasures—
But, to follow my narration,
Clothe thy soul with reverence due :
Thou stand’st before Eternity !—

THE EMIGRANT.

In a *mother's dying-chamber*,
Where true hearts in utmost tension—
In suspense, 'tween hope and fear—
With deep fervor are imploring,
Supplicating, that the sand-glass
May be turned once more in mercy.
But life's last grain is expended,
Death descending mildly, softly—
Not as hideous, scythéd vision,
But as vision of a flower,
Emblem of sweet transformation,
Calls her unto beaming glory,
And “change thy form, trust, follow me.”

Her head is pillow'd on his arm ;
And, kissed by her devoted son,
She looks once more into his eyes,
With tenderest love, and from her soul
Spoke hers in silence, more than words.
“List, my dearest child !” she breathed ;
“ Speak no words of consolation—

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Waste no time in lamentation—
Hear the fleeting *moments* moaning,
On the speeding wings of Time !
As we come, so fast we go ;
Gone—once gone—is gone for ever.
Seize these moments, O, so precious !
Take your mother’s last behest ;
Take my blessings, take my wishes,
And fulfil my last request.

“ Let me, first, pray and thank the Lord :
Into Thy hands I give my soul !
I thank Thee for my last wish granted,
To see my child’s *own* chosen home.
O, bless the land of his own choice !
For his children, children’s children,
Bless the great, magnanimous people,
Who ’ve made my child *one* of their *own*.
Preserve to them the faithful heart
Of the German pilgrim. Amen.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ Do not weep, my dearest child,
This is my happiest hour of life.
Your mother has fulfilled her duty ;
Sweet angels beckon me to come.
Soon shall I be with dear father,
Let us be buried side by side.
And furthermore—if I dare hope
You may be favored with the bliss
To see once more our native home—
Take as my last *bequest* to it
My greeting, love, and my *last breath*.
Bring of lilies of the valley,
Which grow abundant in our woods,
And plant some on your parents’ graves.
Drooping, as a benediction,
With the fragrance of the heavens,
In their angels’ white attire, so
May their bells look down upon us ;
May we, beneath their purity,
Be united, thence, forever !

* * * * *

T H E E M I G R A N T.

My hands I feel no more in yours,
It seems all pain has left my limbs ;
My hands are white—the light grows dim—
I faintly heard your voice promise.—
My child—if *this* is death—'tis light !”

“ Thus mother died, he closed her eyes—
‘ Rest in peace, thou truest mother ! ’ ”

And the hostess still continues,
Speaking to the spellbound stranger :

“ Pardon me for these sad tidings ;
You asked for all, and still you seem
Uneasy, and in great distress.
Why do your lips and eyelids quiver ?
Can such news move a stranger’s heart ?
Or does your heart resent such deeds ?
Pray, do not judge our dearest friend,
Accuse him not before you know
His reasons, and wherefore he left.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

But first, my honored guest, I pray,
May I ask now for your own name ?
Are you a messenger from death,
To hear if heartless we can be,
And the departed be forgotten ?
O no, their "*memory*" is alive,
A living "*tombstone*" in our heart ;
They are with us, by day and night,
Although we be so far apart.
From wheresoe'er you may be sent,
I feel as if you were a friend—
A mystic air surrounds you, sir ;
It is a sympathetic power
That turns my heart to you as friend."

He then replies : " My Helen dear,
Thy heart has never spoken truer !
Look in my eyes—look far, far back,
And try to call me to thy mind !
And furthermore, all you have said
Is true ; alas—'tis but too true ! "

T H E E M I G R A N T .

She looks. The more she looks, she trembles,
And all at once takes both his hands,
And cries : " Almighty God ! 'tis he !
Almighty God ! 'tis thou, our Carl !

" Come, children, come ! be not afraid.
Call grandpa in, call every one,
Run through the village, cry it out,
That they may all assemble here !"
And young and old came running there ;
They cheer him, and with throbbing hearts
Ask thousand questions 'bout their own,
Own loved ones in America.

" Full many people of this place
Are in your blessed, promised land ;
O, tell us of that land so bright !
We call you thousand times 'God-sent.'"

" Dearest friends, my dear companions !
As we 've shared the joys and pleasures
Of rosy childhood's happy days,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

So we 'll share the mutual tale
Of our various lots in life.
Pray, be seated ; I will tell you
Of the virtues, of the errors,
Of the kindness, of the grandeur
Of that land beyond the ocean.

"On this whole globe is but one land,
Where Fortune lavished all her gifts—
Resources inexhaustible—
Minerals, precious and inferior ;
From the ground the oil is spouting,
And fruit of every kind and clime
Abounding with unmentioned blessings.
Railroads, steamboats, and machinery—
The most successful industry—
Compete with any in the world.
But first and last, with reverence due
Bow to the sacred word I'll mention—
Bow to the goddess *Liberty* !
*S*he brings the human nearer God !

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Man, noblest being in creation,
Shall never be suppressed by man.
Sovereigns shall their title be,
And their children independent.
When I behold my children thus,
Then I feel proud that I can be
A fellow-citizen with the free !

“ Such is a picture of our land,
Which lies between two mighty oceans,
With its great emblem, there, on high.
Look up ! behold the stars above !
They shine for aye, they shine for *all*—
No one on earth can make one fall !

“ Far away we have pitched our tent,
Far away we 've made our home.
We hear with scorn the accusation
Of narrow-minded patriots—
We hear them, saying, Shame, O shame
To those that would deny their home ;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

To those that would give up their name
Of birth, of history, and fame !
To them we argonauts reply,
Not in pretence, but as we know
From truth, and by experience :
The world is made for all mankind—
One family the human race.
Shall I yet more explicit be,
With irony rebuking them ?
Then draw a line around your house ;
Be sure to keep your blood unmixed !
Keep up the feuds, the wars of race
Against your neighboring countries ;
Thus be the greatest patriots.
Surround yourselves with a high wall,
But mark these my prophetic words :
Your wall of whims in time must fall.

“ Cease your grief, my German brothers ;
Though we ’ve joined another nation,
And changed our name, ’tis but the name—

T H E E M I G R A N T .

The name of nationality.
The fruit we bear remains the same,
When we all have done our duty,
And our pow'rs shall be exhausted ;
When our frame has turned to ashes,
And the name *German* extinguished,
And of us no trace remains—
Our deeds immortal will survive.

“ Though the glorious *Sun* be named
Helios, *Sol*, *Soleil*, or *Sonne*,
His *virtue* still remains the same.
When he calls us in the morning,
Wakes us to our daily labor,
Beaming on us all benignant,
Impartial to our birth or caste—
Each may take his share of blessing.
For us he brings as from the east
Sweet kisses, greetings from our home ;
Be it ‘ *God bless you*,’ or ‘ *bon jour*,’
Or the German, ‘ *guten Morgen*,’

T H E E M I G R A N T .

With cheerful thanks and happy hearts,
We all respond to him the same.

“Thus, within our breast, we carry
Precious and immortal treasures.
May the land of our adoption,
After we are gone—forgotten—
Forget, as scorchings of the sun,
All our human faults and errors ;
May it inherit but our virtues,
Truth and Love, sweet Song and Music.

“By those divine, enchanting charms,
Universal gifts of heaven ;
By *that* language of all nations,
Comprehended by the heart,
Were we welcomed ; *not* as strangers,
But as fellow-men and friends.

“O ye muses, lend me music
To sing praises to their glory !

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Heralds, join me in laudation
Of the hearts who thus received us !

“ Behold the North, the South, and East,
See afar in California,
Reaching up from earth to heaven,
There the Yo-semites’ sequoias !
See the grandeur of the valley ;
See the mighty mountains, rivers,
And the mines with their abundance.
Thus, inspired by such surroundings,
Tow’rs aloft, ’midst all that grandeur,
Greater yet—that freest nation !
Brave and generous are the men,
Free their language, free their manners ;
Trusting God, they do their duty,
And, with enterprise and courage,
Swing the hammer at Life’s anvil.
Thus they shape with perseverance,
Each himself, his fame, his fortune.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ In their homes, they are the loving,
Kindest husbands and good fathers,
By the dearest wives assisted ;
Who, as true and tender mothers,
With good will are dedicating
All their heart to make home pleasant,
Ever vigilant in keeping
Bright the name and reputation
Of their home and their relation.

“ Thus encouraged by examples,
We, the immigrants, joined gladly,
To develop the resources,
Resting, slumb’ring on the bosom
Of that youngest giant country.
Strong, resistless energy
Spurred us to our work and duty.
You will find us in the backwoods,
In the cities—everywhere ;
Not a place of work or science,
Where our help has not been active,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Though uneven was the contest—
Harder for us than for others—
Language, customs were against us.
Still we struggled ; we have conquered,
And contributed to progress
Many of its fairest triumphs.

“ I will let the pictures follow,
In light and shade alternating,
Not to show the one more lovely,
Nor the contrast more repulsive,
But to stimulate attention
To the infancy of danger.
Awaken strictest vigilance
To guard our treasured *Liberty*.
We hail an open enemy—
No foe in arms need we to fear,
But *traitors*, in the guise of *friends*,
Who work on human vanity—
The *Lures* of Hindu’s higher castes—
Those serpents in our paradise.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Failing to get the rule by force,
They sneak, they creep, they crawl, they wind
In meek disguise into the mind ;
They look so mild and innocent
And tempting, as when children play—
As noiseless as the light of day
Passes at eventide away ;
As noiseless as the night steps in—
So, noiselessly, do they gain ground,
So, noiselessly, take full control,
And lull to sleep by dazzling visions.
They come in simple shape, *as titles*—
In bright colors of distinction,
Coats-of-arms and *family-crests*.
But meeker, sweeter, in disguise,
Are they, as *white-caps* of the nurse.
It makes my very heart recoil—
It makes my blood rush to my face,
If I delineate its meaning,
If I the consequences trace !
I pity, then, the free-born maid,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

And him that wears the cockade hat ;
That they for such a specious play
Should give their rights, " free-born," away,
And wear yet, with a silly pride,
The mark of a degraded serf.
But I must still more pity those
Who by debased men would be served ;
For their own safety do I fear,
Since only self-respect can be
The *parent* of trustworthiness.
And still more would I pity him
Who should by a degraded man
Be called a fellow-citizen ;
I should deplore, for all of us,
The loss of love of liberty—
The loss of true democracy,
That stronghold of a republic.
Let us be true republicans,
Wipe out each trace of slavery ;
Although a wrong may little seem,
It grows in its aggressiveness.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Beginning with the masters' votes,
Let it not come to worst again ;
I say, disfranchised those should be
Who'll make themselves not equal free.

“ That foreign growth—the haughty pride,
Does not belong to immigrants,
Nor to the *Pilgrims* who, of old,
At Plymouth landed on these shores,
Nor to the noble self-made man,
But to the silly parvenu,
Who 's been abroad, and brought it home.
They search in heraldry, to prove
That, though with skull devoid of brains,
Blue blood is flowing in their veins.
They make degrees of rank and station,
To their own self-degradation ;
For since not all can be superiors,
Themselves must be, to some, inferiors.
Conceit will search in mouldering dust,
Amid the vast conglomerate

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Of foul and of heroic deeds,
Through turrets, dungeons, wrecks of old,
Where every stone and all debris
Tell legends of brutality—
Will search if some escutcheon's tale,
Some hatchet, scroll, ferocious beast,
Some bird of prey, may give a claim
To patent of *nobility*.

“ O ye self-conceited fools,
O ye clowns in checkered garb,
Cherishing your apish glory—
Boastful pomp, heroic fuss,
Silly, empty, void traditions,
Borrowed fame of spurious souls,
Of the by-gone knights of pillage ;
Family-crests with bleared records,
Relics of benighted ages,
Antique trumperies of folly,
Congenial but to monarchy.
Keep them *all*, as your distinction,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

But never try to transplant them
To not a homogeneous clime.
They will not prosper on free soil—
They shall not find a lasting home,
Where, be it palace or plain cot,
Each dwelling is a free man's fort.

“Lay on your heart your hand, and ask,
Am I not freer than a king ?
What higher name can you desire,
Than that of an *American* ?

“A leaf of history is turned—
The time has changed. *Intelligence*,
The merits of a man's own deeds,
Are modern-time nobility.
Let brutal force be left to beasts,
But intellect to human kind ;
The most deserving be “elect.”
We hand to such the palm sublime,
As leaders of our free-born men ;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

No law shall on an idiot
Bestow a crown, for chance of birth.

“ When we became Americans
By our sole choice, our own free will—
When we renounced all potentates—
We swore off home allegiance ;
We swore a holy, serious oath,
Without reserve ; decided, that,
As long as we can raise an arm,
As long as in our beating heart
A grain of self-respect remains,
We shall defend our liberty—
We shall defend the land that has
Restored our *birthright*—‘ to be free ! ’

“ Scarcely need I mention other
Serpents, luring to temptation.
Leniently I’d make allowance
For *Fashion* that has gone astray,
Could it but deny its nature,

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Its vanity and jealousy ;
If by its tendency 'twould not
Debauch good morals, once so pure,
Destroying many happy homes.
If, first, a maiden pure in mind,
When asked to follow the extreme—
If, in her childlike innocence,
The hidden abyss could but see—
Indignantly she would deny
That she could e'er be so debased ;
That she could so degenerate,
And imitate a *kangaroo*—
The *crooking*, and the *dangling paws*—
Should kiss in mock'ry, hateful lips,
And dress in style, without regard
To comfort and to decency ;
That she could give her modesty,
That she could give her heav'nly gems
For nothing but a glittering sin.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ Thorned are ev’n the sweetest roses,
Yet, as ‘ queen of flowers ’ designed,
So are thus their living sisters—
Women—the *roses* of mankind.
May you, each and all, forgive me,
If I, by this harsh allusion,
Have unkindly touched your feelings.
Though your thorns of faults may hurt us,
Still I shall make due allowance,
If, regarding my next picture,
Kindly you’ll receive a sister,
Using, in *her* battle of life,
Different weapons in the strife.
You may, to achieve a triumph,
Use the power of adornment,
Numerous pleasing ways of art.
Well selected are such weapons,
Better adapted to the task
Of subduing foppish dreamers—
Frail minds yield themselves to frailty ;
But the ideal of the poet,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

She, the fairest standard-bearer—
She must bear the arms of heaven,
Bear a soul as pure as lilies,
Bear a heart as true as gold.
Plain and rich, within, without,
Angel-like, adorned by nature,
She, the Queen of all the roses—
She, the true man's true companion,
Is your sister. To her grandeur,
To her grace I bow devoutly.

“ Fair is the maiden of our land,
Relying on pure nature's gift ;
And her presence breathes that glory
That dazzles with celestial charms.
Her winning ways, her language free,
Her purity needs no reserve ;
A holy reverence fills our souls—
Excludes vile thoughts and flippancy.

T H E E M I G R A N T.

“ Hail Columbia’s fair daughters !
Hail her noble free-born sons !
True and worthy men of honor,
Take your bride of grace divine ;
Her life, her soul, she’s all your own—
Her own self she regains with you.

“ Thus will a union ever prosper,
While pure thoughts and true love unite ;
May thus remain *as one* our States,
Each to the union a true bride.

“ Singer, may’st thou touch thy lyre,
Sing, sing of bliss and happiness ;
Of strength and beauty, love and soul,
Of time and of eternity.
Let me but speak the simple words,
Familiar to my German brethren,
As we have heard them, years ago,
On winter evenings, when we sat
At firesides—from our fathers’ lips,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

In language none could misconstrue,
When truth speaks to true, open hearts.

“ Before I ask you, in your turn,
To tell what progress you have made,
Let me express a fervent wish.
I hope you have retained your heart
Content in its simplicity ;
It is a gem of greater worth,
Than all the treasures in the world.
Believe me, friends, that *happiness*
Dwells only with *contentedness*—
Those sisters always go together ;
The country is their native home.
Be e'er so small your humble cot,
If cozy but your fireside be—
If love and peace be living there—
They'll come to you, they'll stay with you,
Your heart is all the room they want.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“They only tarry with the rich
When wealth, considered as a loan—
A gift in trust by grace divine—
Is as a talent for their use,
And also for the general good.

“Gold, thou emblem of all virtue—
Gold, thou art a heavenly blessing,
If dispensed in charity ;
But the instrument of evil,
If misused and misapplied.
If in the hands of avarice—
Giant merchants aiming ruin
At their weaker, poorer brethren,
If thou aidest corporations,
Privileged monopolies,
Making laws to serve their purpose—
If, heedless of a higher law,
Fair protests thou dost treat with sneers—
If to thy heartless despotism
And thy arbitrary power

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Honest men are forced to yield,
Mercilessly held as slaves—
Shall I recite thy trespasses,
Refer to outrage and oppression,
Injuries done, without redress,
Disgrace attaching to proud names ?
Nay ! *Wrong* is deaf to reasoning—
Wrong must work its own destruction.
Every deed bears in itself,
Be it good or be it evil,
Secretly, within its breast,
Germs of its own retribution.

“ For our own self-preservation
Stands true the fundamental law :
‘ Do to others as thou wouldest
Others should do unto thee.’
This—the sacred *law* of God—
Gold, thy power cannot annul,
All thy might cannot corrupt !

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ Oppress, extort, demoralize
True industry and honest work—
Set the example, ‘ *Might* for *Right*,’
Teach the mass a disregard
Of honesty and righteousness ;
A disrespect of property,
By committing *social wrong*—
Make of men *wrong* socialists ;
Corrupt society at large—
Then all the weapons in the world
On which in danger thou reliest
The consequences cannot stay,
Nor retrace deeds done in the past,
Nor putrid minds made pure again.

“ Mighty pow’rs are ruling commerce—
Capital and *human labor*.
Those two mighty elements,
If controlled by *moral* sense,
Will for man, like fire and water,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Prove to be a potent blessing—
Be the moving power of *progress*.

“ Labor—greatest benefactor!
To thee we owe all that we are ;
Through thee man is elevated,
From the low and savage life,
To a high civilization.
To achieve that noble end,
One and all must be at work ;
Thankful should we be to those
Who assume the lowest charge ;
Pay a due respect to them,
And regard them as our brothers—
Fellow-laborers are all men.
In the fields, observatories—
With the hand, or with the brain ;
At the plow, or at the easel ;
In the chemist’s laboratory—
Merchants, bankers, or the miners
Delving under-ground for ore—

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Poets, in their inspiration
Soaring up to higher regions,
On the fiery steed of muses,
Gathering flowers for the wreath,
Dew-drops, from the fields Elysian,
To adorn, refresh men's lives—
Noble workers all are they.

"Transformed into precious metal
Is accumulated labor.
Gold, thou precious child of labor !
Honor and respect thy parent.
To a mutual furtherance
Be applied, ye gathered treasures.
In exchange for honest labor
Be a true equivalent ;
Keep in friendship close as brothers.
Go through life joined hand in hand.
O, beware of lurking dangers,
Shun the common enemy—
Sweet, delusive *idleness*—

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Give it not a moment's hearing.
Listen not to those false prophets—
Slothful ease and idleness ;
For their heart is full of envy,
And with nature's laws discordant.
With their odious, lying doctrines,
With a bold atrocity,
They will call the fruit of labor,
How'er honestly acquired,
An *exacting tyranny.*

“ When good feelings are embittered,
Labor soon becomes a burden,
And dishonest work a rule ;
Peace and harmony are destroyed.

“ O, that I could put to silence,
Shut in darkness of oblivion
Faults, shortcomings—all our failings—
Those ignore who are in error,
Pass those fallen by temptation—

T H E E M I G R A N T.

Hoarding wealth for vice and passion,
Giving up their souls to Mammon !
For the worshippers of Mammon
Are the followers of Satan ;
High or low in public life—
Citizens or corporations,
Families—he leads them all
To corruption, to destruction.

“ See the rich, luxuriant palace,
Spacious rooms with gorgeous splendor,
Sculpture, elegant works of art,
Single stairways worth a fortune ;
The occupants with haughty airs,
Strictest etiquette observing,
Faces cold as if of marble—
To my very heart it chills me !
I cannot help but pity them.
There is no love, no happiness,
Where, in a strict, conventional rule,
Estate is married to estate.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

They are so rich, and yet so poor !
No charm, no family tie is there,
Their children are in strangers' hands,
There is no common care nor joy ;
They have no soul, no heart to feel—
Amid the living they are dead—
They are so rich, and yet so poor !
With all their wealth they cannot buy
That little place—a loving heart,
For happiness to dwell with them.
They are so rich, and yet so poor !
With all their wealth they cannot buy
A substitute, when death shall call.
They are yet poorer than the poorest—
They 've lost a life in lust and folly.
Position, power, all in vain ;
From *all* their *wealth, on land or sea,*
Shall not a *wreck* be saved to them.
Inexorable Death draws near,
Him in bitterest form they 'll meet ;
In dread, remorse, and agony,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

From out his chalice they must drink
The potion of their evil life !
But sweetest nectar is the cup
To those who've filled it with good deeds !
To those who've made the world a heaven,
Their home a paradise on earth.
No bitterness between, they pass
From happiness to happiness !

“ Open, open wide your gates !
Open, great Eternity !
Open, to receive a star.
Borne by hand of Charity—
Lifted up from earth to heaven,
Is our great philanthropist.
Happy land, that counts so many—
Counts so many mighty men !
Who inherited, with fortune,
That great gift—a godlike heart.
In his hand, the horn of plenty
Scatters blessings everywhere ;

T H E E M I G R A N T .

To the poor giving support—
Homes to friendless and forsaken ;
Founding universities,
Schools for art and science, free.
Happy land, America !
Happy land, that counts so many
Talents saved by our great heroes.
To the true philanthropist
Welcome, death ! he fears thee not ;
For thou bring'st eternal glory,
Immortality, in thy cup.
With his mental eye he sees
Thousands, thousands, blessing him ;
Thousand, thousand luminaries
He himself has lit on earth
Glorify that holy moment
When he joins the constellation
Of the stars that live forever !

“ While I’m speaking here of *death*,
A fable old, of sainted mothers,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Is stealing sadly o'er my mind.

Listen to the simple tale :

“ Once a ship was borne away,
In utter darkness, on the sea,
In howling storms, for many days,
No ray of sun, no star to guide,
It drifted into unknown regions.
Surrounded suddenly by light,
It found itself before a wall
By nature built, of towering rock,
The yard-arm reaching o'er the wall.
They sent a sailor up the mast,
To tell them what he might espy—
To ascertain where they might be ;
When he had reached the yard-arm's end,
His face with heav'nly glory beamed—
He clapped his hands, leaped, disappeared !
A second sailor then was sent—
The same effect, the same result.
They asked themselves, What may this mean ?

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Have we discovered paradise ?
They picked one of the truest men ;
A rope they tied around his waist,
By which to bring him home again,
Should he, by that mysterious charm,
Be tempted to forget his charge.
' My captain, shipmates, take my word,'
He said, while raising his right hand,
' Whatever tempts, beyond that wall,
I will return, with true report.
The rope—affection, love for home—
Shall *not* break but to rend my heart.'
They smiled with joy, and wept in fear ;
And every step, with throbbing heart,
They counted, with their ' God bless you !'
Till he had reached the yard-arm's end.
Look ! look ! his face with glory glows,
And breathless now he hesitates !
He staggers. Comrades ! seize the rope,
That it—his love—may bring him home.—
It brought him home—but he was dead.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“ My friends, this day reveals to me
The meaning of that fable old :
Here are we—on the ship of life ;
Behold in me *the man returned.*
And stand aghast—I’m dead to Home !
My life belongs to yonder land.

“ My dear old friends ! ’tis my intent
To stay with you a week or two ;
We’ll visit all the dear, old haunts,
Recalling former happy days.”

They all arose, with shouts and cheers :
“ You kept your promise well and true !
You made a full and true report ;
Although you will again depart,
Your memory lives within our heart.”

’Midst cheers stepp’d forward a young man ;
With happy countenance he said :
“ I greet you, I, a simple peasant,

T H E E M I G R A N T .

The son of one of your dear friends.
I am about to start in life,
With no experience of Life's ocean ;
And by request of my loved parents,
Who will regard it a good omen,
I humbly ask of you the pleasure
Of your attendance at my wedding,
To-morrow, at our lowly home."

The guest replies, with many thanks :
" Pray, take this as my wedding-gift ;
It is a piece of virgin gold,
Direct from California.
When it is midnight here with us,
Where *this* came from, the sun shines bright.
May this fair token you remind
To keep your hearts as pure as gold ;
Then trust, through Trials' darkest night,
Within your breast, the sun shines bright.

T H E E M I G R A N T .

“On Life’s broad and stormy ocean,
Sail only by God’s guiding star.
Should c’er entangling reefs and rocks
Surround with mystery your heart ;
Should false lights on a foreign shore—
The will o’ the wisp of jealousy—
E’er lure your heart from the true guide ;
If friendless in adversity,
If in affliction left by all ;
If lost the *anchor hope* should be,
And clouds should darken all around—
Your conscience, in perplexity,
Cannot decide which way to take—
Then recollect the bell on shore
That will to-morrow ring so sweet
From its celestial realm above
Into your heart, the *wedding-call* :
‘Take of the stars the brightest one,
This be your guide—*Eternal Love.*”

THE WEDDING.

SOUL it is, and not dead metal,
Which, in the voice of metal tongues,
From the belfry sympathizes
With solemnities in life.

Wailing o'er the dead with sorrow,
Hailing Easter resurrection ;
Solemn, serious, calling us
To the church, to worship God.

But, to-day, its holy mission
Is, to send from its high home,
On melodious waves of sound,
Lifelong bliss and happiness
O'er the hills and through the valleys,
To the young bride's rosy chamber,
Where she, saint-like, kneels in prayer !
God's voice only be admitted—
Only thou, O voice of heaven !

T H E E M I G R A N T .

Only thou canst speak so tender,
Yet so powerful and thrilling,
To the maiden's throbbing heart—
Speak of love and trust for life.
From her pure and trembling soul
Are thy sounds reverberating,
Are the chimes of *love* and *trust*
Carried by her guardian angels
To the happy bridegroom's heart.
All his life, his whole devotion,
To her love is dedicated.

With the bells' proclaiming voices
Are from the surrounding mountains
Intermingling rolls of guns,
Calling friends, from near and far,
To the mirthful festival.
All unite in the procession
With the hopeful bridal-pair ;
Blessings, happiness, are with them,
As they to the altar go.

THE EMIGRANT.

* * * *

For the legal bond for life
Would suffice the civil Rite;
But to sanctify the union,
We take flowers from the altar,
As we take them from the garden,
Beautifying festivals.
Though they wither and decay,
And exhaust their fragrant odors,
Still they live, their sweet souls linger
In our memory forever.

So the gardener of the village,
He, the venerable pastor,
He to whose hands tender blossoms
Were intrusted from their childhood—
Blessing the new-planted roof-tree—
Was surrounded at the table
By a wreath of sweetest flowers—
Friend, from home and distant lands;
He, who knows them all so well

T H E E M I G R A N T.

From the time he them baptized ;
He, a liberal and kind father ;
He, who gently guides and leads them—
He is touched to tears, so happy
Does he feel among his children,
As they sing, of songs the sweetest,
“Annie of Tharaw, my true love.”
When the last strains die away,
He, with supernatural glory,
Dignity in his kind features,
Rises, 'mid profoundest silence :
“I rejoice to see my children,
Gathered here from near and far,
To see the wreath that crowns our bride.
Let me, then, add another flower—
It is the flower of ‘love for home.’
It brought to-day a child of ours,
As if by providence conducted,
Across the sea, his home to visit—
Once more to see his early love.
He comes to grace this joyous hour.—

THE EMIGRANT.

I well remember when he left us.
I can recall the agony.
I stayed with his sainted parents.
I said, ‘Fear not—God is with him !
No surer compass can he have,
By which to guide his life, than this
His love of home, his conscience pure !’

“ As I call you ‘my German brothers,
You all who are assembled here,
Whatsoever your religion ;
So many are God’s roads on earth,
Yet all may lead to the same end.
Trust e’er that compass in your breast,
That when we, *pilgrims all at large*,
Have reached at last our journey’s end,
And have fulfilled our holy bond,
As we meet here, this happy day,
May meet as *Emigrants* beyond.

“ AMEN.”





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 871 621 5

